

LLOYD GEORGE, THE "WRECKER" OF ENGLAND

THE BLACK HAND



**SOCIALISM BLOTS OUT RELIGION
FREEDOM AND FAMILY LIFE IN
ENGLAND**

IT ALL DEPENDS ON U!



**"THAT'S THE WAY YOU SPELL 'REVENUE,' LLOYD-GEORGE,
I THOUGHT SO.—COME TO MY ROOM!"**

WELSHER!!!



Posters of the Budget fight of 1909, which show in what esteem the present Premier was held by the "Conservatives" of Press and Parliament

THE man who to-day is intrusted with England's destiny by Conservatives no less than Liberals is the very same Lloyd George who six years ago was bitterly described as the "robber gull" who was ruining England, invading the rights of property and bringing the dread monster socialism to swallow the land.

Lloyd George at the time was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his financial suggestions were the beginning of one of the most exciting campaigns England had ever known. The Liberals had committed themselves to a policy of social legislation; and labor exchanges, old age pensions and unemployment insurance and child welfare cost money. There were plenty who objected from the very start, saying that social insurance would ruin the country and make shiftless paupers of hardworking Englishmen. But the

Lloyd George budget settled it. Lloyd George proposed to meet the expense of these radical measures in a free trade country by a system of graduated income taxes, taxes on luxuries and taxes on land values.

"The London Times" excitedly declared that the country was being ruined by a demagogue and a bureaucrat; Lord Rosebery declared that a political and social revolution was being declared without the consent of the people. The landlords and the brewers were enraged, and financial interests shouted that capital was being ruthlessly destroyed. All united in declaring that Lloyd George was an unscrupulous little Welshman who was trying to hypnotize the labor vote with socialism. Conservative leaders in the House of Lords compared him with the "robber gull" which lives by stealing fish from other

gulls. Lord Willoughby de Broke denounced Lloyd George as a pandarer to the Labor element. The workmen of the country, he darkly suggested, were beginning to be tired of the rhetoric of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Ribblesdale alluded to Lloyd George as the speaker who had adopted the half-Pantaloone-half-highwayman style so long that it was too much to expect him to change.

But the greatest danger of the budget was that it showed Lloyd George was pointing the road to socialism, which was "the end of all, the negation of faith, of family, of property, of monarchy and the empire." It was bad enough to have swept away all the sacred private rights of the individual without endangering his property, and the Welshman was to be crushed before he brought England to ruin.

About thirty years ago, in the capital of the poorest country in the world, an obscure young man was employed as book-keeper in a draper's shop. He had meant to be an artist; in fact, he had studied art for a year, but a wicked fairy that we call by the silly name of Economic Necessity had condemned him to sit on a long-legged stool in the shop every day from early morning to dusk. At night he pondered over old volumes about the ancient gods and heroes of his race, and on Sundays and holidays he would go out into the country and ramble among the hills with his visions. But there were times when life oppressed him with a tragic sense of splendors missed.

One night when he came out of the shop the heavens were ablaze with happy stars, and he looked up at them with wistful envy. After he got to his room his mood crystallized in a poem.

A man went forth one day at eve;
The long day's toil for him was done;
The eye that scanned the page could leave
Its task until to-morrow's sun.

Upon the threshold where he stood
Flared on his tired eyes the sight,
Where host on host the multitude
Burned fiercely in the dusky night.

The starry lights at play—at play—
The giant children of the blue,
Heaped scorn upon his trembling clay
And with their laughter pierced him through.

They seemed to say in scorn of him,
The power we have was once in thee,
King, is thy spirit grown so dim,
That thou art slave and we are free?"

As out of him the power—the power—
The free—the fearless, whirled in play—
He knew himself that bitter hour,
The close of all his royal day.

And from the stars' exultant dance
Within the fiery furnace glow,
Raid of all the vast expanse,
He turned him homeward sick and slow.

But his spirit was too fine to lose itself in sadness. One day as he wandered over the hills an illumination came to him which transfigured the earth, and he went home with "the conviction that the Youth of the World and the Age of Gold are not a past glory, but it is only men that have blinded themselves to a glory that ever remains new and young." He has always held to that.

Moreover in the city he found friends, poets like himself. Among them they began to publish privately a little magazine. Most of the work of running it fell on the draper's clerk, for he was

SWEEPINGS FROM INKPOT ALLEY

By TANSY M'NAB

that sort of man. He wrote under several names, and one day, seeking an alias, he signed an article with the name JEON. The printer deciphered the diphthong and set a query for the rest, and the writer decided to stand by the diphthong. Under this he is known to-day.

For a dozen years he stayed in the draper's office. Then a curious thing happened.

Most of the people in that country were small farmers who were poor to the verge of starvation. They were born in debt and they never got out of it. The usurers who acted as middlemen bought the farmers' products at wholesale prices and sold them supplies at what prices they pleased. The farm profits flowed to the traders, while the poor farmers fell more deeply into debt. A great man in the country had started a plan to end this intolerable condition by getting the farmers to band together in cooperative associations. He wanted a new agent to take charge of this work, and, accordingly, he asked a famous poet to recommend some one.

The poet said he knew the very man, a poet and a dreamer like himself, who was then employed in a draper's shop. And the great man immediately accepted the recommendation.

You can readily guess from the above that all this happened in Ireland. In any other country the great man would never have consulted W. B. Yeats. He would consult a practical business man or a practical farmer, and after deliberation the adviser would recommend for the job one of his wife's nephews, who wasn't doing very well; and the nephew would continue doing just that, and in a few years every one

would say: "Well the farmers are naturally incompetent, and you can't help them, anyway." That would be the natural sequence of events in a practical country. But in Ireland, for a big, practical job, they were glad to get a poet.

So JE climbed down from his long stool and bought a bicycle and went pedalling about the country "founding Raffle banks in the aid of the half-converted or those likely thereby to be converted, addressing the wary, contending with the cavalier, refuting the cynic, dipping a mystic's pen in ink for the betterment of pigs," gathering together cooperative societies for every branch of farming. Superficially there may have been other organizers just as good as JE. But surely there was none who could so rouse ignorant, indifferent men, in communities where every neighbor was a rival and an enemy, into enthu-

siastic coöperators. He was not a mere young man with a new job. He was a prophet of the Golden Age. There was inspiration for all in his voice and in his eyes.

In time he became assistant secretary of the society, the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, and editor of its little weekly organ, "The Irish Homestead." The average farm paper is a prosaic thing, but "The Homestead" is a revelation of wisdom and humor and beauty. Its editorials could be studied with profit in our schools of journalism as models of English prose. JE has the gift of writing about cabbages and making them seem as romantic as kings.

I quote from a recent number part of an editorial describing a cooperative experiment among the farmers in the country about Dungloe, in Northwest Donegal.

If the traveller visits this district he wonders how men ever came to settle there, what necessity drove them to make their homes in a region where the rocky ribs of the earth break everywhere through its skin. Wherever the eye roams there is the brown of bog, the gray of rock, and the little patches of green which appear here and there are strewn with bowlders like the tombstones of human hope long buried. There is not a tree where the earth could shelter itself from its own storms, and yet if we climb a hill we see multitudes of little holdings separated by gray walls of stone built up from the litter of the fields, and these gray walls running into each other appear like a gigantic network of ragged lace. . . . What attracted people here? There is indeed a wild beauty here when the rain stops and the sun shines and the clouds scud over the sky and the world is an amazement of vivid color; the streaming roads are ablaze with glittering silver and the hills are blue and gold, the hollows where the shadows fall are purple and the little lakes gleam like jewels set in bronze; but that beauty is unprofitable save to the artist's eye, and we wonder whether these fairy flashes of color, the harvest of vision, indeed bring any compensation for the scanty harvest yielded by the fields. For, truly, the winds are tempests here and the rains fall in a passion.

But still here from a hill over Dungloe one can see little cabins amid the network of stone walls; and there is not a spot which could be cultivated, from the hill-sides to the inlets of the sea, which has not been utilized. How have these people lived?

The editorial goes on to describe the abject poverty in which they lived before co-operation came and how by working together they struck off their shackles of debt. The tiny co-operative store organized in 1906 had a turnover of \$2,450 the first year; this year it promises a turnover of \$200,000. The article also tells of the adventures of Patrick Gallagher, manager of the so-

ciety, universally called, through a natural abbreviation of his title, Paddy the Cope. Paddy the Cope ran for the county council, all the offices of which had always been filled by the middlemen. At one of his meetings a trader interrupted with a question. "I'll attend to you presently," replied Paddy politely; whereupon the trader complained to the police that Paddy the Cope had threatened his life. Middlemen magistrates sent Paddy to jail, but he was elected anyway, so it all came right in the end.

"JE gets through more work than any other ten men in Dublin," wrote George Moore. During the years that he has been editor and agricultural organizer he has produced also books of verse and essays, he has been the soul of the Gaelic League, he helped get the Irish Theatre under way and wrote a play for it, he has won notice as a painter of pictures. Of late he has been maturing plans whereby through co-operative action the poor of the cities may lift themselves out of the slums.

"While we strive after happiness, he holds it in his hand," said Moore, whose caustic pen has nothing but tender words for JE. All come to him with their troubles and worries and he solves the problem.

Five years ago when Kipling gave forth his bitter rhymed attack on the Irish, JE, who was a Protestant from Ulster, rushed to the defence of his countrymen. Not Whistler, not Arnold, at their best, ever demolished an opponent with such dispassionate epic completeness.

Of this polemic, included in his latest book, "Imaginations and Reveries," the conclusion follows:

You had the ear of the world and you poisoned it with prejudice and ignorance. You had the power of song, and you have always used it on behalf of the strong against the weak. You have smitten with all your might at creatures who are frail on earth, but mighty in the heavens, at generosity, at truth, at justice, and Heaven has withheld vision and power and beauty from you, for this your verse is only a shallow newspaper article made to rhyme. Truly ought the golden spurs to be hacked from your heels and you be thrust out of the court.

George W. Russell is the man's name. A biographical study of him by Darrell Figgis, from which I have made several quotations, was recently published. A few weeks ago a newspaper paragraph from London stated that the Cabinet was considering putting the government of Ireland in the hands of a commission, of which he would be a member. Such an appointment would be like an Irish fairy tale come true.

OH, WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER!



"Remember, daughter, you can never be accused of immodesty in dress if your skirt reaches down to the tops of your shoes."

Daughter tries out her latest foot-gear